

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his mother shall vncharge the practise,
And call it accident.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue bin talkt of since your trauel much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and careless liuerie that it weares
Then seled age, his fables, and his weeds
Importing health and grauenesse; two moneths since
Heere was a Gentleman of *Normandie*,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the *French*,
And they can well on horse-back, but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he bin incorp't, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman* wast?

King. A *Norman*.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him, well he is the brooch indeed.
And Gemme of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cri'd out t'would be a fight indeed

Prince of Denmark

If one could match you; the
Hefwore had neither moti
If you oppos'd them; fir thi
Did *Hamlet* so enuenom wi
That he could nothing do,
Your sodaine comming or
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this?

King. *Laertes* was your
Or are you like the paintin
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you th

King. Not that I think yo
But that I know, loue is be
And that I see in passages
Time quallifies the sparke
There liues within the ver
A kind of weeke or snuffe
And nothing is at a like go
For goodnesse growing to
Dies in his owne too muc
We should doe when we v
And ha' habatements and
As there are tongues, are l
And then this *Should* is li
That hurts by easing; but
Hamlet comes back what
To shew your selfe indee
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat

King. No place indeed f
Reuenge should haue no
Will you do this, keepe c
Hamlet return'd, shall kn
Wee put on those shall
And set a double varnish
The *Frenchman* gaue you: b
And wager ore your hea
Most generous, and free